THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLICATION OFFICE:
734 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.

Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY,

Under the Direction of
SCOTT C. BONE, - - - - - - - - - - Editor
HENRY L. WEST, - - - - - Business Manager

Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier or Mail.
Daily and Sunday.....50 cents per month
Daily and Sunday.....$6.00 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....40 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday.....$4.50 per year
Sunday, without daily.....$2.00 per year

No attention will be paid to anonymous contributions, and no communications to the editor will be printed except over the name of the writer.

Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

All communications intended for this newspaper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING SPECIAL AGENCY, Brunswick Building.

Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRANHAM, Boyce Building.

TUESDAY, MARCH 29, 1910.

Death of Justice Brewer.

A great figure in American life passes in the death of David Josiah Brewer, associate justice of the United States Supreme Court. Jurist, statesman, and orator, his abilities were recognized everywhere. For nearly half a century he served on the bench, rising from the probate and criminal courts of his adopted State to the district and State supreme benches, and then, twenty-one years ago, to the highest tribunal of the land. His judicial service is conspicuously stamped upon the country's history. Of distinguished lineage, he ever maintained the honor of the illustrious names with which his own was associated.

He lived beyond the allotted three-score-and-ten, with health and faculties unimpaired and active to the end. His passing is a shock that will be felt the country over. The City of Washington, with whose affairs two decades of his career brought him into intimate touch, will be keenly sensible of his loss and miss him as few men, however great, are missed at the Nation's Capital. He will be mourned, and mourned deeply, in circles where his brilliant intellect, his kindly nature, his broad spirit, and his helpfulness had won for him a deep, sincere, and enduring love.

Condensing the Bible.

A Michigan pastor favors the elimination of everything in the Bible but the most salient features, such as the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, the Psalms, the last few chapters of St. John's Gospel, and St. Paul's charge to the church at Corinth. This preacher believes these excerpts from the Holy Book would suffice for our needs, and that the great majority of people would read such a condensed version, whereas at present the Bible is so long that few read it at all or take time to understand its teachings.

As a novel proposition, this takes rank with the most unique in history; but the Ann Arbor divine falls short when he gets to the process of elimination. First, it would be necessary for some one to decide what portion to retain; then it would be interesting to note the controversy which would be raised about those portions left out, for at present, with the entire book before us, few scholars agree on the construction and meaning of some of the verses, and with a part removed the controversy, especially that of higher criticism, would no doubt rage more fiercely, some maintaining that the context of the retained portion had been changed in meaning by the elimination.

Does any student of literature want to lose a single page or a single line of this remarkable book? Not a leaf could be taken therefrom without a loss to the world of literature. No single volume has ever been bound which contained as many statements of fact and such purity of language, such aptly chosen phrases, such profound logic, or greater expression of feeling than the book under discussion. Its simplicity and grandeur outrank the Greek poets, the philosophy of Descartes, the never dying thoughts of Shakespeare, or the well-turned phrases of Macaulay. The influence of the Bible on literature of mankind has been greater than that of any other set of writings.

If this Ann Arbor cleric believes himself a reformer whose name will be heralded throughout the ages, he is doomed to disappointment. The novelty of his suggestion makes it interesting, but an analysis of it as a whole likewise makes it ridiculous. His contribution is not a gem of purest ray serene in the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean, but turns out a counterfeit. His short-lived publicity is due to the impertinence, rather than to the philosophy, of his argument.

Tidings of Comfort and Joy.

Mack and Murphy, still pow-wowing at Hot Springs, Ark., intent upon shaping the destinies of the Democratic party, are now virtually agreed that Harmon, of Ohio, shall run for President in 1912.

In this connection a disquieting, trouble-laden rumor receives a quietus in an authoritative, reassuring statement given out as follows:

"The stories to the effect that there was friction between Chairman Mack and Murphy were set at rest yesterday when Mr. Mack gave a 'buttermilk dinner' in honor of Murphy and Roger Sullivan. The only name mentioned at the banquet in connection with the Presidency was that of Harmon, except that Mr. Sapp, of Kansas, suggested that it might be proper to nominate Mack himself, as that would certainly insure the support of the Bryan following."

We shudder to think of what would happen if friction should develop between Mack and Murphy. In fancy we can see Democratic hopes gone glimmering and Harmon forthwith reduced to the rank of a one-to-ten shot.

This is a tense, critical situation. Every Democrat understands, of course, the importance—the absolute necessity, indeed—of peace between Mack and Murphy. Once let friction affect the relations of these two willing, self-sacrificing patriots, these shapers of the party's destinies, then hope will depart forever—vanish in the twinkling of an eye. What would the Democracy be but for Mack and Murphy?

Thus reassured from Hot Springs, the party may now proceed with the Jefferson Day dinners. On with the feasts, for all is well.

Castro Again on the Map.

The "Down-and-out Club" is about to lose one of its most prominent members. Cipriano Castro emerges into the limelight and will again add to the gayety of nations. Not alone can we soon look for superheated cablegrams from Venezuela, but Santo Domingo, Honduras, and Nicaragua also give promise as sources of news.

An expedition is being fitted out in New York the object of which is believed to be the restoration of Castro to the dictatorship of the troubled South American republic where he so long held sway. If he is able to obtain a footing on the land he formerly ruled, there is no doubt about his ousting Gomez and again entering upon the Presidency. This eventually will give our State Department cause to sit up and take notice.

Nicaragua, where the Estrada forces have been resting on their arms in the tropical underbrush for a few weeks, is again appearing on the first pages of newspapers. Just what the latest expedition from New Orleans will accomplish is a mooted question. Senor Cores, the minister designate of the Madriz government of Nicaragua to this country, declares he has joined the "Don't-worry" Club. Nevertheless, the representative of this troublous little country at New Orleans is closely scrutinizing every shipment to Central American ports, fearing that the barrels and boxes may not be as harmless as their appearance would indicate.

The latest to burst into the spotlight is former President Bonilla, of Honduras, who thinks it about time for him to return to the flesh pots, and he, therefore, is insurging, in the hope that he can supplant President Davila, of Honduras, in the shaky Presidential chair. The incipiency of this movement has furnished but little news as yet. No doubt it would be an opera bouffe affair.

Like a thunderclap comes the report from New York that several college students who are soon to go on their vacations have decided on a revolution in Santo Domingo. They have bought some old flintlocks and discarded army pistols and, fully ten strong, are going to sally forth in a sea-going tug and overthrow the present authorities in that unrestful isle in the West Indies. Their press agent is busily at work, and he promises each of them at least ten weeks on the vaudeville circuit if they are able to escape incarceration in the jails of Santo Domingo.

Thus the gayety of nations is preserved. Without at least three revolutions impending in Central and South America, we would be unhappy. Life is worth living when Congress is in session and toward the close of the baseball season and on a joyful Easter morn, but for the rest of the year Central America is a source of levity to all of the world.

The District and the Morrill Act.

It was clear from the moment the suggestion was made that neither the McKinley Manual Training School nor the Armstrong Manual Training School, as at present constituted and equipped, is eligible to receive governmental assistance under the Morrill act. Either might become eligible by enlargement of scope and change of character, converting it into a college, but the board of education has wisely decided that such an undertaking is inexpedient at this time. Therefore, the board has no objection to the passage of the pending bill in the interest of George Washington University, provided the appropriation is temporary.

The District of Columbia should in all fairness share in the benefits of the Morrill act. It is passing strange that no institution here in all these years has become a beneficiary under the act. Surely there is no valid reason why the District should be excluded from its provisions.

In view of the action of the board of education, it is to be hoped that the Committee on Agriculture will now act promptly and favorably upon the measure before it.

What's the Matter with the Navy?

Sincerity of apprehension, rather than severity of the critical, justifies a curiosity as to what is the matter with the navy. Investigations in one or another form have been ordered by the head of the Navy Department into two remarkable instances. One has to do with what appears to be nothing short of mutiny on board the scout cruiser Salem, the enlisted men of which daubed the sides of that vessel with a painted legend reading, "Evans' Madhouse," having reference to the unhappy state of mind prevailing on board the vessel commanded by Capt. George R. Evans, U. S. N. It is desired to ascertain what justification there is for attributing to that officer an administration which has resulted in such an unusual proceeding.

The other case is that of the gunboat Marietta, recently recalled from duty in Central American waters and now at the Portsmouth (N. H.) Navy Yard. The ship is commanded by Commander Frank K. Hill, U. S. N., who has seen much duty in the Bureau of Ordnance and with the Naval General Board in Washington. The ship has been officially reported as "a dirty and unfit ship," and Commander Hill and the engineer officer of the vessel, Lieut. P. E. Dampman, are to be tried by a naval court-martial.

We have heard much of the defects of naval administration in Washington; we have been told that the navy is being "run from the beach;" there have been evidences that the Naval Staff is to be put under a ban. The controversy which has been diligently and somewhat vociferously carried on between the line and staff, and which has resulted in a general confusion of technical assertions, does not interest us so much as these more tangible evidences of alleged defect in discipline and efficiency on board ship. These are instances of some sort of failure which, presumably, are not attributable to administration in the Navy Department and can have no relation to the line and staff hubbub. The Secretary of the Navy is to be commended for not shelving these disclosures in the archives of the Bureau of Navigation. It is well to have full publicity, to the end that there may be a prevention of such occurrences as are alleged to exist on board the Marietta, and to make it impossible for such discontent among the enlisted force as is described on board the Salem.

A Virginia contemporary says it would be "very funny for anybody in Richmond to go to Washington in search of fun." It would be infinitely pathetic, on the other hand, for anybody in Washington to go to Richmond on such an errand.

It is Monday morning seven times a week with T. R. these days.

South Carolina has a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Vice President in Hon. Thomas H. Waring, of Charleston. His versatility, if not his availability, is attested by the fact that he edits a newspaper which has steadfastly supported Bryan for fourteen years.

In spite of its vindication in court, French Lick persists in being an issue in Indiana politics.

Insurgent Barnard now has an insurging constituency to deal with in Hoosierdom. The thing seems to be contagious.

Asher Hinds furnished the Sam Randall precedent which the House upset in curtailing the Speaker's power. And now there is a growing desire to reward Asher for his service in the fray.

At any rate, Mr. Crumpacker's convention was not afraid to mention the tariff by name and extol its commission feature.

The high cost of living is not affecting the automobile industry or blighting the prospects of the baseball season.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

A Spotless Patriot.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Mr. Ballinger is the one spotless patriot in the whole lot, according to his attorney.

Or Stop Talking.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

If Senator Heyburn is really aggrieved over the charge that he talks drivel, he ought to talk something else.

Albany and Pittsburg.

From the Springfield Republican.

It is doubtful whether any one could tell just now by the sense of smell alone, whether he was in Albany or in Pittsburg.

Simply Awful!

From the Birmingham Register.

Mr. Roosevelt has sent for Minister Straus. Let's see, haven't we read somewhere that straus show which way the wind blows.

Commendable Hesitancy.

From the St. Paul Dispatch.

Of course, Mr. Cannon was misquoted. The average newspaper man is not sufficiently hardened to quote Mr. Cannon verbatim.

The One Remarkable Thing.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

House insurgents "who marched up the hill and then marched down again" did not establish any precedent except by the speed of the return trip.

Here's Wishing Them Well!

From the Memphis News-Scimitar.

There are three Senators on the very sick list—Daniel, Tillman, and Culberson—all Democrats and men of great ability and influence.

Now for a Conference.

From the Indianapolis News.

With reports that wheat is being damaged for lack of rain, it would seem high time that a conference were held between Secretary Wilson and Prof. Moore.

That Massachusetts Election.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Various Republican newspapers are assuring us that the election in the Fourteenth Massachusetts district was due to local and personal causes and has no national significance. But if Buchanan had been elected the same newspapers would have pointed to the result as evidence of the popularity of the new tariff and the Cannon administration of the House of Representatives.

Alphabet of Health.

From the Atchison Globe.

Abstain from intoxicating liquors.
Breathe good air.
Consume no more food than the body requires.
Drink pure water.
Exercise daily.
Find congenial occupation.
Give the body frequent baths.
Have regular habits.
Insure good digestion by proper mastication.
Justify right living by living right.
Keep your head cool and your feet warm.
Make definite hours of sleep.
Never bolt your food.
Overexercise is as bad as underexercise.
Preserve an even temperament.
Question the benefit of too much medicine.
Remember, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."
Sacrifice money, not health.
Temperance in all things.
Under no conditions allow the teeth to decay.
Vanish superstition.
Worry not at all.
X-tend the teachings of this alphabet to others.
Yield not to discouragement.
Zealously labor in the cause of health and gain everlasting reward.

Not an Ill Wind.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I am sorry," said the manager to the barefooted dancer, "that the electricity is behaving so badly to-night and the house isn't more than half lighted."

"That is really fortunate," said the lady, "because the spectacle case containing my costume seems to be hopelessly mislaid."

How He Managed It.

From the Buffalo Express.

"For a whole year I turned my back on drink."

"You noble man; what were you doing?"

"Driving a brewery wagon."

A Devotee.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Who is Jane to marry?"

"His name is Bridge."

"Good gracious, does she carry the craze as far as that?"

Easily Remedied.

From the Boston Transcript.

Patron—This set of teeth you made for me is too big.

Dentist—Yes, sir. Sit down in the chair and I will enlarge your mouth a little'

Concise.

"Love is a tender thing,"
Said he.
"Then why not tender it?"
Said she.

—Boston Transcript.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE SEED CATALOG.

I love the seedsman's picture book;
It is a treat.
With avaricious eyes I look
Upon the beet.

For gardening I have the craze.
I'll send my cash
And buy the seeds from which to raise
Some succotash.

I'd like to plant some pickles, too,
In my back yard.
I think that I could grow a few;
It isn't hard.

I simply yearn to scatter seed;
I'm all agog.
It certainly is fun to read
The catalog.

A Spring Ailment.

"Doctor, I'm all run down and extremely nervous. Can you save me?"

"Surely, my friend; surely. Yours is a common ailment just now. You are simply reading more baseball news than you can assimilate."

A Small Investment.

"You ought to do something in the world," declared the wealthy father

"All right, dad," said the indolent son. "I'd like to be an editor. Suppose you buy me a newspaper."

"I'll buy you a newspaper. Here's a newsboy. Now, look over the want column and see if anybody is advertising for an editor.

The Barefoot Dancer.

She got a scare the other night
And came to woe.
She ran a splinter in her light
Fantastic toe.

A Wholesale Buyer.

"Wouldn't it make you happy to give me a dime, sir?"

"I don't care to purchase happiness on the installment plan. I'm going to save up until I can give away $50,000,000."

No Cause for Alarm.

"Dis is an exciting novel, Jimmy. De hero is in a tight place, sure. Think he'll get out alive?"

"Sure he'll get out alive. Ain't they advertising a sequel?"

Somewhat Distant.

"How is your new maid?"

"Rather chilly. I fear she does not wholly approve of my methods of doing her work for her."

THE DAY OF THE SHORT STORY.

What Some Authors Have Received for Their Manuscripts.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

The man who could tell a good story once lived largely on the largess of the rich. Nowadays he is a plutocrat and can scatter largess himself if he chooses.

Literature to-day is a well-paid profession, and not the smallest prices fall to the lot of the short-story writer.

Not so very long ago Edgar Allan Poe, one of the most brilliant of short-story writers, was scarcely able to make a living by his pen. Some of the successful short-story writers to-day have an annual income from their stories as great as the salary of the President of the United States.

J. O'Hara Cosgrove, editor of Everybody's Magazine, had some interesting things to say in a recent interview regarding the prices some short-story writers command.

According to Mr. Cosgrove, there are seven American writers in what he terms the "one thousand dollar class"—that is, who are in a position to ask $1,000 for a story of 5,000 words, or thereabouts, a rate of 20 cents a word.

These are Robert W. Chambers, Richard Harding Davis, Booth Tarkington, Jack London, John Fox, jr., Owen Wister, and Frances Hodgson Burnett.

There were two short stories of recent date which brought $5,000 in the American market, although they were written by Englishmen. These were Kipling's "They," which appeared in Scribner's Magazine, and the last of Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes stories, published in Collier's Weekly.

Mr. Cosgrove says that the best of our short story writers usually write ten or twelve stories a year. He recalls that Owen Wister, who now receives from 15 to 20 cents a word, sent a story to Everybody's in other days for which he asked the then rather high price of 4 cents a word. Jack London, in the beginning, Mr. Cosgrove says, used to sell his stories for $20 apiece.

In the old days magazine editors considered only completed stories. Now the brisk competition among editors has made it possible for a writer of established reputation to pocket a check by merely outlining the plot of a story he has in mind. One writer whom Mr. Cosgrove mentions, who seems to have made a specialty of outline stories, is said to owe publishers $3,500 on this sort of bargain.

But some of the writers who now do so handsomely can recall their lean years. When Mr. Cosgrove was editor of the Wave in San Francisco, the late Frank Norris, author of "The Pit" and other popular books, worked under him for $20 a week. Gelett Burgess, who now receives $300 for a story, also worked on the Wave for $10 a week. The same paper employed for $5 a week Will Irwin, who has recently made a success with his Japanese schoolboy and whose income from his writings is now said to be $10,000 a year.

Or from Spanking Willie.

From the Boston Transcript.

Scott—I called my wife a fool last night.

Mott—What for?

Scott—For getting her palm read. Was I right?

Mott—Not if she got is red from wielding the broom.

THE IDES OF MARCH.

The swallows dip on restless wing
Around the meadows bare,
And early timid violets bring
Their woodsy perfume rare;
While scattered clouds grotesquely piled
Like snowy castles rise,
And, gray against the blue, and wild,
An wandering kildee flies.

The tawny creeks, gray flecked with foam,
Go tumbling through the hills,
And round the bends in tumult foam
Or clatter past the mills;
Beyond, a hawk on pinions wide
Wheels in a circle bland,
And silently the streams beside
The sculptured cattle stand.

The bluebird perches on a stake
And then begins to sing;
His sweet but faint-heard warbles wake
The sleeping soul of spring;
And hidden choruses of frogs
By pools and rivulets
Across the slopes from distant bogs
Sound sharp their castanets.

Film-scrolled along the far-off sky
The curling smoke wreaths twine,
And plowboys whistle trudging by
Where black-turned furrows shine;
By pasture lands in thickest ways
The pussy willows cling;
While broods above the nights and days
The haunting face of spring.

—Ernest McGaffey.

CAPITOL GOSSIP

At the lowest calculation there are 1,500 school teachers and school girls visiting Washington for the Easter holidays, and of that number there were about 1,149 at the Capitol yesterday. They were intent on seeing the sights, human and inhuman, in that great building and the force of guides were taxed to their utmost to accommodate them.

The official guides were quite unable to supply the demand, and Senators and members were pressed into service, showing the visitors from home, the many beauties of the white building, the various objects of interest, and describing life in the building, both real and still life. The members of the House who live in doubtful districts are particularly attentive to visitors from home just now. An election is coming on.

* * * *

The somber winter colors had disappeared from the Senate galleries yesterday and in their place were to be seen the bright colors of spring. The shirt-waist girl was in the ascendency and long rows of them occupied the seats in all the galleries. The men, also imbued with the feelings of springtime, appeared in bright suits and some Senators followed the custom of the season. Several black frock coats were missing, and their owners were garbed in light sack suits instead.

* * * *

After spending some time in Arkansas trying to square himself with his people, Senator Jeff Davis has returned to the Senate, but he never so much as uttered a sound. The octopuses breath easy when Jeff goes away, but as soon as he gets back on his job they watch him around the corner, expecting at almost any moment a poke under the fifth rib, harmless it's true, but annoying.

* * * *

The many school marms at the Capitol caused some of the statesmen to get reminiscent. The peculiar questions asked them, things the dear girls wanted to do and couldn't, reminded the old ones of stories galore. One of the New England visitors wanted to go on the floor of the House and shake the hand of Uncle Joe while he occupied the Speaker's chair. Of course she couldn't. "That reminds me," said her guide, who happened to be a distinguished Connecticut member, "of the school teacher who was giving instruction in drawing."

"The school teacher in question had a class of bright little girls and told them to go to the blackboard, in turn, and draw the thing they wished for most. All of the little misses did as told, drawing representations of everything from an apple to a locomotive. One little girl however, didn't leave her seat and the teacher noticing the hesitation said, 'Mary, you are not drawing. What's the matter?' 'I can't draw what I want,' said Mary. 'What is it you want?' asked the teacher. 'I want to get married,' answered Mary."

* * * *

Senator Heyburn is getting to be a real live, quick-at-the-trigger, filibustering insurgent. He is rapidly falling into the habit of objecting to the way the Senate leaders try to rush certain measures through that body. He got busy yesterday and gave the leaders no little trouble. Senator Clark, of Wyoming, wanted to pass a bill on the calendar.

Senator Heyburn objected, whereupon Senator Clark moved to take up the matter, and his motion was agreed to. That settled it. The big Idahoan started at twenty minutes past twelve, and was still talking when the hour to take up the railroad bill arrived. No one was ready to speak on that measure, and Senators Hale and Elkins argued with Senator Heyburn to go on or make a speech on his amendment to the railroad bill providing for a land court.

"Oh, I'm ready to go on with my amendment," said Senator Heyburn. "I could go on in a minute or less, for that matter, but that is no reason I should be forced to do it, when the Senate is not ready to hear me."

"Oh, well," said Senator Hale, "in that case, I move we proceed to the consideration of executive business."

* * * *

Senator Purcell and Representatives Madison and Graham had a Ballinger-Pinchot committee meeting all by themselves on the floor of the Senate. When executive session was ordered, the meeting broke up.

SCARCITY OF COMMON SENSE.

In Reality It Is About the Most Uncommon Quality on Earth.

From the New York Evening Sun.

The only thing that has never become common is common sense. It remains rare when all other qualities can be picked up by the wayside. Half the dictionaries do not attempt to define it, so elusive is the trait. Persons hazily say: "Common sense is horse sense," and vaguely feel that they have somehow failed to state fully its exact characteristics. A number of instances can be cited where common sense was displayed, and quite a lot of persons claim distant relatives who were generally supposed to possess the quality. But this is about as near to it as it is possible to get. Geniuses are all over everything; one is obliged to step carefully to avoid treading on them. Poets, politicians, reformers, men of mark—they block traffic; and as for playwrights and novelists and singers, it is as much as one can do to breathe, they so clog the atmosphere. Only common sense is unusual, and by its skittishness prompts us to find it.

It may have been killed out in the large centers of the reigning passion for phraseology. A certain homeliness and succinctness is a necessary accompaniment of common sense; a home truth crudely—a little rudely—expressed, with crumbs of subsoil clinging to it. A touch of nature, bluntly applied to artificial complications, sending them hurrying about their business. This type of speech, which is to say type of mind, perhaps exists in the quiet corners of earth, parts nasally ejaculate. "No tomfoolishness around here." Yet common sense is not a mental dialect. It is a rudimentary mode of thought, a simple vision, and we in the big cities are barely acquainted with it because we find simplicity wofully dull. To speak simply, one must have something to say; and if one depends upon the matter there are apt to be tiresomely long pauses between talks. Consequently we console ourselves with method, and though we have nothing to say we make a point of saying it excessively well. We adorn it until one cannot be quite sure that it does not under its charm of phrase mean something. At any rate, the form is too good to ever break it and brutally search its kernel. So common sense retains its rarity, and though one knows so little about it one has a strong feeling that there is a very slight possibility of its ever becoming really common.

Some Bible Figures.

From the Kansas City Journal.

The publishing house which issues as many as 80,000 copies of the same book usually plumes itself on the achievement and lists the favored publication among "the six best sellers." If one house should print ten times that many copies of the same book, all records but one would be broken and there would be a tremendous sensation in literary circles. When, therefore, a well-known statistical writer shows that one publishing house in this country has printed ten times 8,000,000 copies of the same book the statement ought to attract a great deal more attention than it probably will.

One publishing house in New York has issued 80,000,000 copies of the Bible, and is printing more than 1,000,000 copies a year. The philology of the enterprise is not its least interesting feature. The Bible is printed in fifty languages, in its entirety, and portions of the sacred book are printed in 400 tongues and dialects throughout the world. These unprecedented publications represent actual sales, and not gratuitous distribution—it being understood, of course, that while millions of copies have been given away, they were all originally purchased by societies, individuals, &c., from the publishing house.

This record of 80,000,000 copies of the Scriptures during the life of the Bible House, which was organized nearly 100 years ago, must stand unapproached in the history of the printed page. At a rough guess it would probably be difficult to name fifty books whose aggregate sales equal those of the Bible. It would certainly be impossible to name fifty books, or even five books, whose sales have constantly increased year after year for the better part of a century.

No Subject for Experiment.

From Smart Set.

Stuyvesant—Like most men, I have my faults.

Gladys—Perhaps, but they are so insignificant that no girl would feel justified in marrying you to reform you.

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Birthday of John Tyler—March 29.

To-day is the birthday of John Tyler, the tenth President of the United States, 120 years ago. Tyler had shared with William Henry Harrison in the famous "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too" campaign, and when the President died, one month try occurred during Tyler's administrahim.

Many things of importance to the country occurred during Tyler's administration. The Ashburton treaty settled the northern boundary of the United States as far west as the Rocky Mountains. The Dorr rebellion in Rhode Island grew out of the desire of the people for universal suffrage. A telegraph line was built between Washington and Baltimore and the first message was sent in 1844. Texas gained its independence and was annexed to the United States three days before Tyler's term expired, and Florida and Iowa were also admitted to the Union.

John Tyler was born in 1790 and was the son of distinguished Virginia parents. He became a member of the Virginia legislature when only twenty-one years of age and was elected to Congress when he was twenty-six. He was governor of his State and United States Senator, which seat he resigned after serving nine years because he was not willing to expunge the resolution of censure of President Jackson, as the legislature of his State had instructed him to do.

In 1835 he was put forward by some of the Democratic States as a candidate for the Vice Presidency, but was defeated. He was nominated for the same position on the Whig ticket, with Harrison for the head of the ticket, in 1839, and this time he was elected.

He was a man of brilliant attainments and of independent characted. His acceptance of the nomination on the Whig ticket, and his succession to the Presidency because of his nomination, placed him in a false position, as most of his political career had been spent in the ardent advocacy of the principles of the Democratic party.

At the close of his administration he retired to private life, from which he emerged in the winter of 1861. He was president of the so-called "Peace Convention" held in Washington, and was one of the committee who, in April following, transferred the control of all the military forces of Virginia to the Confederate government. He took an active part on the side of the Confederacy and was rewarded with the office of senator in the Confederate congress at Richmond. He was acting in that capacity when he died, at Richmond, on the 18th of January, 1862.

President Tyler narrowly escaped death at the time of the explosion of the great gun, the Peacemaker. In February, 1844, with a party of about 100, he made an excursion down the Potomac in a war vessel. The company included, besides the President, his Cabinet, many members of Congress with their families, and the former queen of the White House, Dolly Madison. The object of the trip was to witness the working of the great gun, which threw a 225-pound ball. The gun exploded on the return trip, killing Mr. Upshur, Secretary of State; Mr. Gilmer, Secretary of the Navy, and Mr. Gardner, whose daughter was soon to become the wife of President Tyler. The President had a narrow escape, having been playfully called below by Miss Gardner a moment before the explosion took place.

March 29 is also the birthday of Joseph Ignace Guillotin, after whom that instrument of death known as the guillotine was named (1738); of Raphael, one of the greatest painters that ever lived (1483); of David Everett, the poet and journalist (1770); of Amelia E. Barr, the novelist (1831); the day on which Charles Wesley died in 1788, and upon which the Bering Sea arbitration treaty with Great Britain was ratified by the Senate in 1892.

AT THE HOTELS.

"Col. Roosevelt is one of the greatest Americans of modern history," said George S. Talbot, of Houston, Tex., at the National last night.

"Americans ought to feel proud of the way these foreign kings are kowtowing to one of our boys. It means that we are ahead of the game, and that we have got the other fellows beaten to a standstill. In civilized language, they all want to get in on the ground floor before the stock takes a jump; that's about the whole thing.

"Look at what our colonel is doing over there," continued the Texan. "Why, he is the whole show, king, emperor, or sultan, or lord high cockalorum. He's got them all cinched, and if they want him they simply have got to book their dates in advance.

"Well, and what does it all mean? It simply means that the world is mighty anxious to be on friendly terms with us, Teddy or no Teddy. Everybody over there is taking advantage of the presence there of a man who is popular over here and who is going to be 100 years old, and is going to say something about this and that or know the reason why. Roosevelt will continue to be a mighty useful citizen, and will be a sight more useful by the time he gets back to his own ranch."

"The prohibition question is going to be an issue in the coming campaign in Indianapolis," said Charles C. Barber, of Indianapolis, Ind., at the Arlington last night. "And if the Prohibition party is going to be successful in the coming campaign it means a loss of several million dollars of revenue to the State. How this is going to be made up is a question which has not yet been decided upon by the temperance forces. It is certain, however, that they will find it a rather difficult problem to create new sources of revenue to replace those which would be abolished if the prohibition law, or local option law, were adopted at the coming election.

"There is one other question entering this problem of temperance and prohibition," added Mr. Barber, "and that is that of intemperate eating. Why do not the various temperance societies organize to fight immoderate eating, and smoking, and sleeping, and talking, and gossiping? I am quite certain there is a whole lot of harm in all of these evils.

"The time for legislation as to what a man ought to drink and what he should let alone is a thing of the past. Young people nowadays can judge very much for themselves what they want, without taking instructions from others. The present generation reads newspapers and forms its own opinion. Judging from the popular will, as indicated in recent local elections, there seems to be little inclination to trespass on the personal rights of the individual citizens in this respect. The people now realize that temperance legislation does not bring those benefits which are promised in such glowing language by its advocates."

Discussing accidents on ships of the navy, Capt. C. N. Miller, of Philadelphia, who was formerly in the navy of the United States, said most of the accidents are unavoidable. "The point is, however, that it is easy for a man-o'-war's man, whether he belong aft or forward, to be killed or maimed. The man who serves in any capacity or rating on a ship of war must keep both eyes peeled for trouble from turn-to in the morning to pipe-down at night.

"There is no looking out for and guarding against some of the accidents. Something new in the way of a man-o'-war casualty is breaking out all the time.

"For example, when the Olympia, Admiral Dewey's flagship in Manila, first went into commission at Mare Island Navy Yard, three unusual accidents happened on board of or alongside of her within the space of a fortnight.

"The first occurred when she was being warped into Mare Island dry dock to get an extra coat of keel paint. A naval constructor, one of the brightest young officers of the service, was standing at the top of the dry dock superintending the job of getting the Olympia placed on the resting blocks. A heavy hempen hawser that was being manipulated to pull the cruiser into the dock suddenly snapped under the strain, and the shore end of the broken hawser caught the young officer on the head, caving it in as if he had been hit by an express train and killing him instantly. The men attached to the Olympia looked upon it as a bad start for the cruiser and were blue about it.

"A week or so later the Olympia was making her way into the roadstead at San Diego, on a practice run with her crew, to limber up the machinery, test compasses, try some of the guns, and grease up the ship generally. As the mudhook was dropping in the San Diego waters, a seaman got his legs tangled up in the anchor chains, which formed a loop around them and cut them off clean above the knees. The seaman died almost instantly. The crew of the Olympia regarded this second incident with gloomy eyes. They didn't care for the Olympia from then on. A few days later a practice charge was put into one of the guns of the secondary battery to test the piece. When the charge was fired, the recoil of the gun was terrific. It recoiled off its carriage, striking a gunner's mate right in the middle and knocking the life out of him in an instant. When the Olympia got back to San Francisco, the crew went over the side of her like rats, and virtually a whole new crew had to be shipped for the cruiser before the Olympia could take to deep water again."

Martin H. Benjamin, of New York, a manufacturer, who is here on business, and is at the New Willard, in discussing the political situation in New York said that every indication pointed to the nomination of Gaynor as the Democratic candidate for governor of New York.

"Democrats and Republicans alike, machine politician or independent, reformer or officeholder, are coming around to recognize the great strength which Gaynor has developed since he has taken the oath of office. Mayor Gaynor, so far, has carried out the promises which he made on the platform. His reforms in the various departments of the city government have earned him the approval and applause of all those who were opposed to him in the campaign.

"If he continues gathering popularity he will surely be nominated and elected as governor of New York. There is no reason at all why the Republicans should not support him should he run for this office, for Gaynor has shown himself to be an official who is not hidebound to the party of which he claims to be a member. As governor of New York, Gaynor would act just as independently of his party as he is at this time as mayor of New York. Mr. Gaynor wants honesty and efficiency irrespective of party affiliations."

As He Took It.

From the St. Louis Star.

First kid—My father is an engraver.

Second kid—Gee! it must be lonesome to work in a cemetery.